NEW SHAKESPEAREANA.

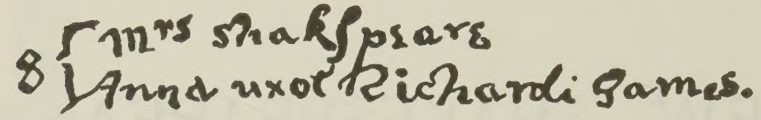
VOL. V. JULY, 1906. No. 3.

DID SHAKESPEARE'S WIDOW MARRY ONE RICHARD JAMES?

Certainly no fault on the score of vigorousness or of strenuosity can be found with Mrs. Stopes's rejoinder to my paper "What Actors have done for Shakespearean Biography" in the last issue of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA. And I am quite eager to save myself further punishment at her merciless hands by admitting, that, if the epitaphs and mortuary eulogies she enumerates—(she does not include the doggerel "Good Frend for Jeasus' sake forbeare" in her enumeration), which were carved over the deceased Dramatist by his sorrowing family, are "Biography," then the sorrowing family DID do something for Shakespearean Biography. And I also hasten to admit that Dr. Hall can escape censure for omitting to mention Shakespeare in his Diary by admitting that his chirugical skill was unequal to "curing" Shakespeare when he fell sick—though if he—Dr. Hall—had really believed in the magnificent eulogies his family (according to Mrs. Stopes) had carved over the tomb of the departed Dramatist—that he was greater than Socrates, Cicero or Virgil—that with him quick nature died—that no human praise could do justice to his greatness, etc., etc., I must still think that a word or two concerning him might have somehow been entered in Dr. Hall's Diary.) But when Mrs. Stopes proposes to expose my ignorance and imbecility because I suggest (mind you, I only suggested—asked the question!) that Shakespeare's widow may have married again—Well! even a worm will turn! Mrs. Stopes is a distinguished writer upon Shakespeare matters, and has much to urge as to the comparative value of facts and gratuitous guesswork—so with her permission—let us consider a few facts.

Shakespeare was buried—according to the Records of Trinity Parish—on the twenty-sixth day of April, 1616—On the eighth day of August

1623 his widow—according to the same record—was also buried in the chancel of Trinity Church—this last record is for August 8th, 1623, thus—



Now, Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, who examined over and over again these Parish Records, says that in the entries of Baptisms he finds often that two baptisms occuring on the same day are bracketed—doubtless so as to save time and space. But neither Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps—nor anybody else, can find, bracketed, two entries of interments occuring on one and the same day. Is it conceivable that, in the year 1623, when the name William Shakespeare meant something—a clerk of Trinity Parish—who daily saw the most imposing of all the mortuary monuments in the Parish Church—erected to a cloud-compelling dramatist—a lay Rector of the Parish who was buried under the chancel pavement—and who knew that the widow of that same great dramatist and Lay Rector, had lived in the finest house in the town—is it conceivable that this clerk should have been so chary of space or so contemptuous of this widow of Stratford's most distinguished citizen—as to give her only half an entry—making her even share the meagre figure 8—with a lady all unknown to fame—"Anna uxor Richard James? Even to this lady unknown to fame—(if she was not the relict of great Shakespeare) he awards four words—complimenting her by giving the name of her husband! And yet to Mrs. Shakespeare—(if it was "Mrs. Shakespeare") he—awards no such distinction, leaving to posterity only the bare entry of her married name! That is to say, of two widows, buried on August 8th, 1616, one of them, "Mrs. Shakespeare", was of such small importance that the mere entry of her married title was all that was deemed necessary, while the other widow was important enough to have not only her given name but the name of her husband—in latin—recorded. If, however, Mrs. Shakespeare was at the time of her death, Mrs. Richard James, then the entry is comparatively imposing—(as these entries go): two whole lines—giving her title by her first marriage as well as her given name—and the name of her second husband; just the entry that the clerk would naturally make; adding to the record of her interment the fact that she was not only the wife of Richard James—but also the widow of Shakespeare. As to Mrs. Stopes's statement, that, if Mrs. Shakespeare was Mrs.

Richard James at the time of her death, "the words would have been either "nuper vidua Guglielmi Shakespeare uxor Richardi James "or" Mrs. Anne Shakespeare alias James," I beg respectfully to demur quite as stoutly as she demurs to my proposition. Will Mrs. Stopes show us any entry in the Stratford Records using such formulas? If she cannot, then her statement is exactly the kind of guesswork she so strenuously objects to in other people. Mrs. Stopes says, very truly, that there is no record among Stratford marriages of the second marriage of Mrs. Shakespeare—That proves nothing, however, except possible that the banns were not asked, or the marriage performed in Trinity Parish. If Richard James was—as Mr. Stanton conjectures—"A Puritan Ranter", very likely the marriage was not performed in Trinity Church—(However as I am not sufficiently informed as to the marriage laws of that date, I don't insist upon the Church.) There were plenty of parish churches in the vicinity, where widow Shakespeare's second marriage could have taken place. How about her first marriage. Where was that performed? And was "Hathwey" (it is not even "Hathaway") her maiden name, or "Whateley"? Here (see frontispieces) are two more fac similes, vidilicet: a marriage bond and its preceding entry of issuance of a marriage license: In one "William Shaxspere" proposes to marry one "Anna Whateley," and in the other, the bride is to be "Anne Hathwey" and the groom is to be: if it is the same man or another,—"William Shagspere" (the only actually identical name being, evidently, "William"). But—passing this; it ought to be the record that William Shakespeare's widow could not well have been at her death a late Mrs. Richard James unless she were a second time a widow. For Richard James, if alive at her burial, would hardly have permitted his wife to be buried under her prior husband's name, and the inscription on her tombstone is explicit:

HEERE LYETH INTERRED THE BODY OF ANNE WIFE
OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE THE
6TH DAY OF AUGV: 1625 BEING OF THE AGE OF 67 YEARES.

Vbera, tu mater, tu lac, vitamq dedisti.
Vae mihi pro tanto munere saxa dabo.
Quam mallen, amoueat lapidem, bonus angl' ore
Exeat, vt christi corpus, imago tua—
Sed nil vota valent venias cito Christe, resurget
Clausa licet tumulo mater et astra petet.

It is apparently impossible that any item, however small, touching

Shakespearean biography can be vouchsafed except as a riddle or a puzzlement to be read both ways or any way with equal plausibility! The rule is again observed when "Shakspeare" (still another orthography) receives the noble mural monument, while under a doggerel epitath, he is namelessly buried in the chancel beneath! Certainly the bracketting of "Mrs. Shakespeare," and "Anne uxor Richardi James" has ample circumstantial evidence (or the ample want of it) to aid in still farther confusing a candid searcher after the facts! Admitting that "Anne" and "Agnes" were equivalent names—which we have had so many reams of argument to prove, in order to make this "Anne" the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shotterey mentioned in his will, how about "Whateley" and "Hathwey?" Were those equivalents also? When Mrs. Stopes refuses to accept the plain prima facie record of the burial, but accepts without demurrer a purely constructive collating of the marriage license and the marriage bond—(as almost every body else does—of course) who then is straining at gnats and swallowing camels —she or I? I admit that it was exceedingly improper for the widow Shakespeare to have married again. The question is, however, DID she marry again? In "The Autobiography, Memories and Experiences" of Moncure Daniel Conway (vol. II page 9) I find the following: "I made the acquaintance of Howard Staunton—the acute editor of Shakespeare and critical investigator into the personal life of the Poet—I told him how I valued his standard work on chess—but he had long given up the game. He said—'Men have hated me and said mean things about me merely because I beat them at chess'—Staunton had long before reached the conclusion I had just come to, that Shakespeare's widow had married Richard James." I warned him that if he touched the romantic sentiment investing Anne Hathaway, he might suffer as much as if he had beaten the accepted writers at chess (Mr. Conway then proceeds to give the facts as I stated them in my first paper—ante, page 15, adding) "Knowing well the exactness of Staunton, I have adhered to his theory, of which indeed I find some confirmation in Shakespeare's dislike of Puritanism, and still more in the epitaph of his daughter, Mrs. Hall—"Witty above her sex but that's not all | Wise to salvation was good mistress Hall | Something of Shakespeare was in that—but this | Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss. | No such words would have been inscribed on her grave had she not been among pharasaic people."

Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse has made an ingenious suggestion—namely —that the reason why Shakespeare's marriage to Anne was permitted with but one asking of the Banns was because the couple had already been living for a considerable period as man and wife—under some form of civil mar-

riage—(perhaps that much exploited "pre-contract" for I cannot find that in England, at that date, there was any civil marriage ceremony required to supplement a church marriage—except for Sovereigns, or where vast titles were involved—certainly not between the commonalty.)—Mr. Douce's proposition is that the religious ceremony was desired by Shakespeare—not on account of any qualm of conscience as to an injustice done by him to his wife but because in the latter part of 1582 Anne was in a position requiring the establishment of her "legal *status* as to property." For her father had died earlier in the year (in May or possibly in June); his will was proved on July 9; and among the legacies prescribed in it was one for Agnes (Anne) of £6 13s. 4d. (10 marks or 20 nobles, equal, at that time and place, to about £70 of our money), which was to be paid her on "the day of her marriage." Now the civil marriage would have taken place not later than August (her first child was born near the end of May, '83); but that marriage did not count; and, on the other hand, between probate of the will and the earliest attempts to execute it, there must have elapsed (as is usually the case) an interval of time, though not a very long one—say three months; and there is good reason for thinking that this was unavoidable. For Richard Hathaway could have left little or no ready money; he was even in debt to his shepherd and three of his neighbours to the extent altogether of £7 13s. (say £77). The legacies totalled £50 (—£500); some, perhaps all, were not immediately payable; anyhow, the debts would take priority in payment. The testator's "wife Joan" was left sole executrix; to her was bequeathed the copyhold farm, with some reservation to the eldest son, Bartholomew, who was to manage it with and for her. In the absence of cash, the debts and legacies would become a charge upon the profits of the farm; and Mrs. Hathaway and her son would have to look forward to the ingathering and sale of the year's crops for the means of meeting their liabilities, wholly or in part. But, in November, it would seem that the debts had been cleared off; at any rate, towards the end of the month, money must have been available for payment of at least one legacy, and it was reserved for, or claimed by, Anne, the eldest daughter of Richard and Joan Hathaway!" "To Anne and William the sum of £6 13s. 4d. (—£70) would appear to be temporary wealth. It is not unlikely that it was on the strength of their hope of earlier payment that they indiscreetly contracted a private and non-canonical marriage soon after the contents of the will were known. It is true that Shakespeare was earning something; but his own excellent parents had fallen on evil and ever-worsening days; and so good a son as he would remember their needs before his own. The young couple, however, could have little to

spare; and by the last week of November they were apparently in urgent need themselves. Then it was discovered that Anne could not touch her money without going through the "religious solemnity." Yet neither this discovery, nor her anxiety to take over her legacy, nor both together, quite explain all the trouble and the hurry of the Worcester episode; something else has to be taken into account. In those days, by old ecclesiastical rule and usuage, certain periods of the year were marked off, during which canonical marriages were prohibited. One of these periods began with Advent and lasted above six weeks. In 1582, however, Advent Sunday fell on December 1; consequently, after the proceedings at Worcester only two days were left in which to escape that long delay. We have no record of the subsequent proceedings, or of the actual marriage; but we can readily believe that, fortified with episcopal authority, the young couple and their friends would have had no difficulty in persuading some kindly parson—most likely "Sir" William Gilbard, "curate" (—vicar) of Stratford parish church, who witnessed Richard's will—to publish the banns of marriage on Friday, to a congregation of half-a-dozen or more Hathaways and Shakespeares, and to perform the ceremony on Saturday."

This is a clever suggestion. It assumes, however, that Anna, Agnes or Anne—Whateley or Hathwey—was really—(however designated)— the daughter of Richard Hathaway—which is one of the things we are trying to find out! As to "what all can readily believe"—divers investigators will have divers opinions. But Mr. Douce's opinion is of no mean importance, where facts are so few and far between, and opinions usually so inconsequent, irrelevant and redundant!

JAMES T. REILLY.

WHO WAS HAMLET'S FRIEND THE KING'S JESTER YORICK?

If anything in this paper should seem to favor the Baconian Theory of the Authorship of the Shakespeare Players, I am not responsible, I am only responsible for chronicling the facts as they come out, and for suggesting what seem to me their bearing.

Everybody, even the groundling, knows that Hamlet's "Alas poor Yorick" was a fellow of infinite jest and of most excellent fancy. But is this the limit of our knowledge of him? The First Grave-digger was better informed; for he gives us two important pieces of information. First, he tells us of the title by which Yorick was known; and second, he states, definitely, the number of years that had elapsed since his death. Now, since

knowing the date of composition of the Second Quarto of *Hamlet*, we can ascertain the date of the death of Yorick, let us assume as a working hypothesis that the First Grave-digger was speaking in the years 1601-1602. Now the Grave-digger does not speak of "Yorick," simply as "Yorick." On the contrary, he states: "This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester; and the last two words, in the Quarto of 1604, begin with capital letters: "the King's Jester." Who, then, was the King's Jester?

I have before me Dr. Doran's "History of Court Fools." London, 1858. On p. 132 I find: "John Heywood, himself a "King's Jester" and a poet, has made" etc., etc. On p. 142 he states: "This play upon the word *leman*, (or "mistress") was subsequently employed by Heywood, the "King's Jester," to point a jest made in the hearing of Queen Mary." On p. 152: "We now come to a personage of some celebrity, who seems to have been a court jester, without being exactly a court fool. I allude to John Heywood, of North Mimms, in Hertfordshire, whom Sir Thomas More introduced to the King as Sir William Neville did Scogan, and whose introduction was followed by similar circumstances,—his appointment as "jester" to the sovereign. Of the latter, (Heywood) Wharton says that "he was beloved and rewarded by Henry VIII for his buffooneries," and, indeed, that monarch was so satisfied with the quips of his daughter's favourite, that, as previously stated, he named John Heywood, "King's Jester." On page 155, Dr. Doran states: "With the reputation of having been "King's Jester," Heywood is also known to us as a poet, a dramatist, and a writer of epigrams." On page 158: "It would be hard to say whether Queen Mary laughed or not, when "John, the King's Jester" either read to her," etc. And finally, on page 162, we find:—"As there is no doubt of Heywood having been named by Mary's father "King's Jester," we may fairly conclude, etc." There can be no doubt, therefore, that John Heywood bore the title of the "King's Jester;" that he was well known under that appellation: and that the title clung to him, not only through the reign of Henry VIII, but also through the reigns of Edward VI and of Mary. But was the appellation exclusively his? Was there any other person known as such? In so far as the reign of Henry VIII is concerned, the question can be answered in the negative. It is entirely unlikely that such a distinctive title would have been given to two court jesters during the same reign. The next sovereign was Edward VI, who died when he was sixteen years of age. No record exists of there having been any jester under his short reign who bore that title other than John Heywood himself. Edward VI died in 1553. From that date until 1603, when James I ascended the throne, England was ruled by women: Mary, and Elizabeth. Naturally, therefore,

no person, appointed by either of them, could have been known as the King's Jester. By this process of exclusion, accordingly, it appears to be certain that the person referred to as Yorick, was John Heywood. Dr. Doran's work, already referred to, and the Dictionary of National Biography, are the sources of information for the following sketch of his life. He was born about the beginning of the sixteenth century; in all probability in 1497. His name is included in a return of Catholic fugitives, dated 29 January, 1577, about which time he was found by the royal commissioners to be nominal tenant of lands in Kent and elsewhere. In 1587, Thomas Newton, in his "Epilogue or Conclusion to Heywood's Works" speaks of him as "dead and gone." His death occurred, therefore, sometime between 1577 and 1587. The Dictionary of National Biography gives the dates of his birth and death as probably 1497, 1580. And the Grave-digger in *Hamlet* states that Yorick's skull "has lain in the earth three and twenty years." Taking the date of composition of the Second Quarto, as 1601-2, and subtracting 23 years, we have 1578-9 as the date of Yorick's death, which agrees with the dates given above, within which Heywood is known to have died. Another point to be derived from the Grave-digger's remarks, is, that his references to Yorick are undoubtedly biographical in character. Such a very definite number as twenty-three would not have been selected unless the writer of the scene had in mind some actual person who had died at the time stated. Had he said "twenty years" it would have been different; for the word "twenty" is used throughout the plays as a comprehensive term of quantity, similar to the phrase "a thousand times" that Hamlet uses in describing his childish frolics with Yorick. But the Second Quarto (1604) gives the number in figures (thus: "23.") So, likewise, do the Third and Fourth Quartos. The Fifth Quarto and the Folio, give it in words, ("twenty-three" and "three and twenty," respectively.) There can thus be no likelihood of a misprint or typographical error having occurred. A direct biographical reference, therefore, must be accepted as having been made in the Second Quarto, (written in 1601-2,) this Quarto being the first impression of the play, as we now have it. And the same is true of the remarks of Hamlet regarding Yorick, as will be shown presently. All accounts of Heywood represent him as having been a man overflowing with wit, and humor. "Heywood's spirit of fun, his humor, and his readiness at repartee" says Dr. Doran, "made him a favorite with More, who was fond of spending leisure hours with him—Previous to his introduction to the King, More presented him to the lady (afterwards Queen) Mary, who found his merriment so irresistible, that it moved even her rigid muscles; and her sullen solemnity was not proof against his songs, his rhymes, his jests." ("A fellow of infinite

jest.") He seems to have been a special favorite of Queen Mary. In her former days he wrote ballads for her, sometimes making herself the subject of them. And it is stated (Dict. Nat. Biog.) "that his pleasantries were often acceptable in her privy chamber." ("Now get you to my lady's chamber—Make her laugh at that.") He was, moreover, a good vocalist, and no mean instrumental player; his songs being frequently referred to. He seems to have been a favorite also in the mansions and at the tables of the nobility; and a specimen of his wit is offered us by Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie" who relates an anecdote, which I need not quote, "on a time, at the Duke of Northumberland's board, where merry John Heywood was allowed to sit at the board's end." ("Where be your gibes now?" asks Hamlet. "Your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar?") There can be no doubt as to the biographical character of these references, in the drama. Puttenham refers to him again as having come into reputation for the mirth and quickness of his conceits "in King Edward the Sixth's time." In fact, Mary was thirty-seven years of age when Edward VI died; and, as she herself, lived only five years longer, many of the stories regarding Heywood's amusing her, refer to the times of Edward VI.

Now, it should be noted that Francis Bacon's grandfather, Sir Anthony Cooke, was tutor to Edward VI. Moreover, Anthony Cooke's daughter, Ann, (afterwards Bacon's mother) is stated to have occupied the position of governess to the young King, in her younger days. Thus, two of Bacon's forbears must have been brought into immediate contact with Heywood, since they both occupied positions in the interior, domestic life of the court. Heywood as court jester, of course, was there also. And can there be any doubt that they both knew him well, and even appreciated him? For Heywood's talents were not only those of a wit and humorist. He was a poet, an epigrammatist, a dramatist. His dramas, to-day, occupy an important position in English literature, coming, as they do, between the old Morality plays and the great outburst of dramatic composition of the Elizabethan era. Francis Bacon's mother, Lady Ann, was a most highly cultivated woman. This man, of infinite jest and most excellent fancy, might naturally therefore, have been held in high esteem by both her and her father. And when the third generation, in the persons of young Anthony and Francis, appeared upon the scene, what more natural than that these little tots of five or six years of age, or thereabouts, should have been amused and entertained by this old family familiar? Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary, were in their graves; and Heywood's day as court jester, had passed. His social status had been, of course, inferior to that of the Bacons. But it might

be to just such a person, partly friend, partly retainer, that a mother would willingly have entrusted her little children; and it is just such a person also, who would make much of the young scions of the house. For human nature was the same then as it is to-day; and we all know of similar instances in our own lives. It is impossible to conceive of any one more attractive to a child than Heywood. His training as a jester, his jokes, his songs, his gambols, would have made him the beau ideal of all that is amusing and entertaining. And when Hamlet tells us of Yorick: "He hath borne me on his back a thousand times," is it impossible to believe that Francis Bacon placed, in his great drama, an auto-biographical reference, and embodied in the entire passage, in which the line occurs, a memorial to the old playfellow of his early childhood? Upon no basis other than that of the Baconian authorship can this passage well be considered. Even if, for the sake of argument, we allow the Second Quarto to have been written in 1604, and not in 1601-2, the date of Heywood's death, calculated twenty-three years back, would be 1581. And in 1581 William Shakspere was seventeen years of age; he had not yet left Stratford; he had not yet married Anne Hathaway. On the other hand, if I am right in placing the death of Heywood at 1578-1579, that date would have been firmly implanted in Bacon's mind. For it was in 1579 that his father, Nicholas Bacon, had died; and it was in that year that he, himself, had returned home from his three years' visit to the continent. Of Heywood's life, after the death of Mary, we know very little. For the first dozen years of the reign of Elizabeth, the record is an entire blank. At some time during this interval, he went to Malines to live. The suggestion has been made that he went there to avoid persecution by Elizabeth, as he was a Catholic. But this is only a surmise, and an unlikely one. Much is tolerated in a Jester, as Olivia tells us, in "Twelfth Night." Besides, Elizabeth seems to have been kindly disposed towards him—at any rate while she was Princess. For there is a record of a gratuity paid to him by her, at that time. Moreover, Heywood's younger son, Jasper, when a boy, was one of the pages of honor to the princess Elizabeth. The personal element enters into the question. It would be a matter of surprise if the Queen had allowed any such severe action to be taken towards her father's old jester. Heywood's eldest son, Ellis, entered the Society of Jesus in 1566, "and afterwards became spiritual father and preacher in the professed house of the society at Antwerp" (Dict. Nat. Biog.) Antwerp and Malines are not far apart, and Heywood may have gone to live there at that time. More positive knowledge as to this fact, and also as to the date of his death, would obviously be valuable.

HENRY PEMBERTON, JR.

DEPARTMENT OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM

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"JULIUS CAESAR," II. i. 166 (V. I. 19).

"Let's be sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius."

It is not surprising that Mr. Dey does not comment on the fact that "Caius" in Shakespeare's time was pronounced as a word of one syllable, as if spelled "Keys" (or Keeze "to be exactly phonetic) Caius College at Cambridge University is, to this day, called "Keys College." If you spoke of an Undergrad as a Kay-yus man, no one would understand you. They would say "That is Jack Hilton of Key's." So we see that Mr. Dey's scansion leaves no superfluous syllable

Lets be sac | rifi | cers but | not | but | chers | Keys

is no doubt how Shakespeare would have read the line.

Saint Louis. HENRY TUDOR.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE." II. ii. 119.—

> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
> His glassy essence,—

It has been suggested that "glassy essence" is a corruption of the text, and "grassy" and "ghostly" have been suggested; it has been absurdly explained as meaning "his fragile essence."

Will not the two following passages make it clear without change and without further explanation?

"For now we see through ['in' according to the revised version] a glass darkly; but then face to face." First Corinthians, xiii., 12.

"The reflection also from glasses, so usually resembled to the imagery of the mind, every man knoweth to receive error and variety both in color, magnitude, and shape, according to the quality of the glass." Bacon's Interpretation of Nature: Boston edition of Spedding's Bacon, Vol. VI. p. 61.

The meaning then is, that man is most assured of what he really is most ignorant; namely, his own essence which he can only see as in a glass darkly, that is as receiving "error and variety, according to the quality of the glass." The expression is, of course, somewhat eliptical, but we all know that elipsis is not unusual with Shakespeare. I have, for a long time recognized Bacon as the greatest commentator of Shakespeare. It may be interesting to compare the expression of almost the same thought in Troilus and Cressida, III, iii, 95:

> A strange fellow here
> Writes me: "That man, how dearly ever parted,
> How much in having, or without or in,
> Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
> Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection."

The "strange fellow" is of course Socrates as reported by Plato.

Shakespeare continually uses the word "glass" in the sense of a mirror, and he uses the adjective in no other sense than "like a mirror." The word "glassy" occurs only four times in the Plays and Poems, viz: in the passage under discussion, and in the following:

I. Henry VI., V., iii., 62. As plays the sun upon the glassy streams.
Hamlet IV., vii., 168. That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
Lucreece, Line 102. Secrecies writ in the glassy margents of such books.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

"HAMLET," I. v. 19.—

Mr. Harold McChesney lately wrote to The Times's Saturday Review questioning the statement by the Ghost of Hamlet's father that he could a tale unfold which would cause each particular hair of Prince Hamlet's "hair to stand on end," on the ground that nobody's hair ever did or ever could stand on end, though Mr. McChesney admitted that plenty of Shakespeare's predecessors—Holy-writ, Virgil Dante, etc., had stated that the thing had

been known to occur and that all caricaturists, from time immemorial, had represented fright as causing that phenomenon: To him a Dr. Burt responded as follows. "If Mr. McChesney will consult Gray's "Anatomy," Page 94, he will find the following: "Connected with the hair follicles are minute bundles of involuntary muscular fibres termed 'anectores pili.' They are placed on the side toward which the hair slopes, and by their action elevate the hair."

B. F. C.

"Winter's Tale," II. i. 143. "I would land-dam him."

Collier says, "Lambeck occurs in various writers and means *to beat;* (lambaste is the modern boy's form of the word) but can hardly have been mistaken by the printer, and it would not have been forcible enough for Antigonus's state of mind." It appears to me that this comes very near the solution of the crux—and just misses it. Let us suppose that Antigonus started to say lamback or lambaste and then it occurred to him, as it did to Mr. Collier, that this was not sufficiently forcible; so he breaks off in the middle of the word and says, "damn him." The error of *land* for *dam* is an easy one, and the difference between a hyphen and a dash is almost nil. Let me suggest—"I would lam—damn him!"

Isaac Hull Platt.

"Macbeth," I. iii. 90-3.—

> and when he reades
> Thy personall Venture in the Rebels fight,
> His Wonders and his Prayses doe contend,
> Which should be thine, or his: silence'd with that,

The king's mind is filled with conflicting ideas—"wonders," as of something done by more than human agency; and "praises," due to Macbeth for his valor. If we read the last line as follows, I believe the stubborn crux vanishes:

Which should be thine, or His: (reverently) silenced with that. A gesture would make plain the meaning of the spoken word "His." The struggles of the commentators to find a human antecedent for "His" are pitiful, some even contending that Duncan suggests a weakening of his own right to the throne as a result of its defense by Macbeth. Each offers the inevitable paraphrase in which the words of the text are lost sight of in the desire to formulate a plausible statement.

Although Duncan says (I. iv. 21);

> More is thy due than more than all can pay

the fact that shortly after this (iv. 37-38) announces,

> We will establish our estate upon
> Our eldest, Malcolm,

shows he has no thought of other claims than those of his own line to the succession.

If there are not separate causes for the king's wonders and his praises, as of tribute due to two distinct agencies, we must take "wonders" as the antecedent thought of "praises," the former resulting in the latter—he wondered at the remarkable performance and uttered praises accordingly. In this event both "wonders" and "praises" would belong to Duncan as processes of thought, and also to Macbeth as the object. But the text says "wonders" and "praises" are divided, and since they cannot be divided as between Duncan and Macbeth, the division must be as between Macbeth and some higher agency—"wonders" at certain Supreme intervention in behalf of the annointed ruler, and "praises" for the distinguished efforts of a human order put forth by Macbeth. The king could not distinguish between the events of the day as to which were so wonderful as to be explained only on the theory of divine intervention, and which could be attributed to the valor of the general,—"which should be thine, or His."

And, by the way, the tidings received by Duncan were, so far as we know, by word of mouth, and he could not very well read them in the sense of perusing the written page. Liddell ('Elizabethan Edition') explains "reads" as meaning 'infers.' But the king had been informed very fully of Macbeth's "personal venture in the rebels' fight," so there was practically nothing left for inference. I believe we should understand "reads" as meaning 'explains'—"read me my dream," and similar cases. It was when Duncan tried to explain or account for Macbeth's achievements in battle that his wonders and his praises contended for the mastery.

E. M. D.

"Macbeth," I. v. 22-26.—

> (Thou) wouldst not play false,
> And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,

That which cries 'Thus thou must do,' if thou have it,
And that which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be undone.

Liddell states that, " 'Cries' is first used in its sense of *exclaiming* and is then understood in its other Elizabethan sense of *demanding* with a direct object after it. The latter sense we have in Othello I. iii. 277, 'The affair cries haste.' Such syntax is found also in Merch. II. iv. 30, 'she hath directed how I shall take her from her father's house, (*sc.* directed in the sense of *communicated,* N. E. D. 2 b), What gold and jewels she is furnished with, What page's suit she hath in readiness,' and in Pericles, Prol., 'to keep (i. e. retain) her still and (*sc.* keep in the sense of *hold*) men in awe.' The meaning, then, is 'Thould'st have, great Glamis, that which cries "Thus must thou do, "etc., and requires that which thou,' etc."

Furness gives, up to the date of the revised edition, a complete summary of comment on this disputed passage, the most striking being that of Seymour: "The difficulty here arises from the cumulative conjunction, which leads one to expect new matter, whereas that which follows (line 25) is only amplification. 'Thou would'st have the crown; which cries, *thou must* kill Duncan, if thou have it.' This is an act which thou *must* do, if thou have the crown. 'And' (adds the Lady) 'what thou art not disinclined to do, but art rather fearful to *perform,* than unwilling to have executed."

Verity, in his 1901 edition (Pitt Press) of 'Macbeth,' advances what I believe to be the correct explanation. He says:

"Let us attempt a simple paraphrase: 'You would like, great Glamis, the thing (i. e. the crown) which as it were cries out to you "This is what you must do (i. e. murder Duncan) if you are to get what you desire (—*it*)," and you would like the deed (i. e. the murder) which you fear to do yourself but which if it *were* done you would not wish undone.'

"I think that *have* (23) is used by a sort of zeugma, in two ways, and may be rendered by 'you would like'—thus: 'you would like (to possess) the crown, and you would like the deed, i. e. be glad that it should be done.' " He says, further:

"The general run of the passages indicates, to me, that *have* in 23 is intended to govern two objects, viz. *That which* (—the crown) in 24, and *that which* (—the deed) in 25. With this interpretation we can make the imaginary speech end at 24."

Before the Pitt Press 'Macbeth, appeared I had forwarded some com-

ments to London 'Notes and Queries,' and as my note may be thought to supplement in some particulars the one just quoted, I give it, as follows:

"The first 'that' ('That which cries') represents the end (the crown), and the second 'that' ('And that which rather') the means to such end. Macbeth would have a prize, and as that prize entails a certain deed, he would have the deed performed without involving his own guilt—would wrongly win, and yet escape the responsibility The thought is very rapid, and, as is notably the case in Shakespeare's later plays, the language only partially at times is able to keep up with it. At first the assertion is, 'Thou'ldst have, great Glamis' (the thing named); then we must understand that 'thou'ldst have' is repeated in thought before 'that which rather,' etc. We must also infer from the word 'undone' the previous idea of *done* after 'that' (the murder) in the phrase 'And that which rather.' Ellipsis is the only cause of difficulty in this passage; expanded, the meaning of lines 25 and 26 seems to be:—

And (thou'ldst have) that (done) which rather thou dost fear to do
Than wishest should be *undone*."

E. M. D.

MARGINALIA

THE FIRST DEPREDATIONS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, AS READERS OF NEW SHAKESPEAREANA are aware, we have chronicled faithfully (not without an occasional outburst of indignation) the steps by which, little by little, the Stratford-on-Avon Aldermen (assisted by the Parliamentary Trustees, (except Mr. Ernest E. Baker who unable to prevent spoliation by his single vote, has withdrawn himself altogether) have succeeded in removing divers and sundry traces of Shakespeare from their midst. Nothing on Henley Street now remains except the exceedingly problematical "Birthplace" with the few "gimcracks (to use Richard Grant White's term) therein. What with the Baconians whistling him away intellectually, and the Stratford Town authorities razing his curtillages, there is parlous little left of the personalty of Shakespeare! It has been more or less matter of wonder that the Reverend Francis Gastrell pulled down New Place—which must have been quite an undertaking in itself, instead of selling it and realizing on his investment, (he sold the land, anyhow!) The wonder will grow when we realize—from our two frontispieces in this issue that the house—known as "The Great House," of New Place itself, was a rather imposing one. Of these two views, the history is as follows: Sir William Dugdale had described New Place, one hundred years before Shakespeare bought it, thus: "On the north side of the chapel was a fair house built of brick and timber by Sir Hugh Clopton wherein he lived in his later years, and died"—Malone finds that this house was called "New Place" as early as 1565. Sir Hugh sold it to William Underhill from whom Shakespeare purchased. The claim of title thereafter was to Mrs. Hall, by Shakespeare's will, for life, remainder to her heirs male, or in default, to her daughter Elizabeth and her heirs male or to the heirs male of his daughter Judith Quiney. Mrs. Hall died in 1649—having resided at New Place when Queen Henrietta Maria in 1643 remained there three weeks—Elizabeth married (1) Thomas Nash (2) Sir John Barnard. Lady Barnard, dying without issue, New Place was sold in 1674 and repurchased by the Clopton family. And now comes the riddle! From the excavations of the foundations it is apparent that Sir Hugh Clop-

ton, who in or about 1750 resided there, pulled down much of the old house and practically rebuilt it. At Sir Hugh's death, in 1751, the Rev. Francis Gastrell purchased it. He was a man of independent means and though a clergyman, was singularly illiterate, but made up his lack of sentiment by strong ideas of the rights of Englishmen. He lived principally at Litchfield, and only a part of the year at Stratford, and felt that the Stratford town authorities therefore should have considered this in assessing him for the poor rates. (Every house set or valued at more than forty shillings a year having been assessed, somewhat arbitrarily according to its value and the ability of the occupier, at a monthly rate for the benefit of the Stratford poor.) But the Stratford authorities declined to abate their assessment, and Gastrell, on the principle that a man may do what he likes with his own—razed the house to the ground. He had previously been annoyed by the constant stream of visitors who at all hours came into the grounds—or applied to enter them—to see a mulberry tree which—at the date of King James's attempt to domesticate the mulberry tree in England to promote the manufacture of silk, Shakespeare had obtained at the distribution—and planted successfully. He cut short the curiosity of his neighbors and tourists by cutting down the tree itself. But his annoyance did not prevent his selling the wood—and it went for a good price for relics. The people of Stratford stoned the Reverend gentleman's house, and broke his windows in revenge for the deed. This probably paved the way for Gastrell's determination to annihilate his own real estate, and in 1757, he destroyed the house itself, razing it to its foundations, (New Place, however, was standing in Stratford in 1743, at which date Garrick and Macklin visited Stratford and were hospitably entertained by Sir Hugh Clopton. The Jubilee, was September 6, 7, 8, 1769). No authentic picture of the house survives, and the one given here as drawn by Gremmitt is probably an approximate picture of the house as rebuilt by Sir Hugh Clopton in or about 1750. Mr. Knight collected some scanty notices of this extraordinary clergyman, Gastrell. He says: "I have seen his diary written upon a visit to Scotland three years after he had pulled down New Place. His journey is connected with some election intrigues. He is a stranger in Scotland, but goes into some of the most romantic districts. The scenery makes no impression upon him, but he is scandalized beyond measure when he meets with a bad dinner and a rough lodging. In passing through Torres and Glamis he notes that "Captain (Sic.) Gordon assures me that the Duncan murdered at Torres was the same person that Shakespeare writes of." An attempt to picture New Place—about the morality of which the reader must draw his own conclusion—was made by Malone and the picture

given in the first frontispiece appears in his Variorum Edition with the following title—"New Place, from a drawing in the margin of an Ancient Survey made by order of Sir George Carew (afterwards Baron Carew of Clopton and Earl of Totnes), and found at Clopton near Stratford upon Avon in 1786." Unfortunately, Mr. Malone did not secure the destruction of a letter written by him to the well-known fabricator of Shakespearean things and writer of alleged Shakespeare poetry, John Jordan—dated April 15, 1790, as follows: "Good Mr. Jordan—Mr. Malone would be glad to have Shakespeare's house on the same scale as Mr. Clopton's. He thinks the arms of Shakespeare a very proper ornament over the door and very likely to have been there, and neat wooden poles may be placed with propriety before the house,"—The conclusion is irresistible that this picture with "the arms of Shakespeare as a very proper ornament over the door," (though "good Mr. Jordan" seems to have rather balked at the "neat wooden poles") —was what Mr. Malone had before him, or a proposal sketch of it—when he indicted the above as to the "Ancient Survey." Mr. Knight tried hard to verify this picture, but the nearest he could come to it was to find "that opposite New Place, is an old house which once did belong to the Earl of Totnes, which, however, is altered from a still older house. It had three gables as in the picture though now concealed by a parapet. (Mr. Knight is writing about the 1858 or 1859) and the ridge-poles of the gables are still to be traced upon ascending to the roof of the house which is now occupied by a Mr. Hunt the town clerk of Stratford-upon-Avon." As to the second picture—Mr. Samuel Timmins, writing in Shakespeareana (VII, 151) thinks that Jordan may have drawn this one, also—Dr. Halliwell Phillipps's allusion to Grimmett, who, is thought to be followed in this second picture, is as follows: "One Richard Grimmett, who was a native of the town was very familiar with New Place in the years preceding its demolition, told the Rev. Joseph Greene—a Warwickshire antiquary, in or about the year 1867, that he (Grimmett had been a playfellow of Edward Clopton Senior, eldest son of Sir John Clopton, and had often been in his home—the Great House near the Chapel in Stratford—which was called 'New Place'— That to the best of his remembrance there was a brick wall next the street with a kind of porch at that end of it next the chapel, when they crossed a small kind of green court before they entered the house, which was bearing to the left, and fronted with brick with plain windows consisting of common panes of glass set in lead." This would make the main entrance in Chapel Lane. Aubrey—alluding to the Shakespeare date—says: "The architecture of an old English gentleman's house was a good, high, strong wall, a gate

house, a great hall and parlors; and—within the little green court where you come in stood the barn—then they thought not the noise of the thresholds ill musick!" In Shakespeare's time there were two barns on the Chapel Lane side. The stone work of the ancient well still remains—says Halliwell—Phillipps—(1889) in nearly perfect condition.

The work of demolishing Shakespearean vestiges, therefore is not a new one in the twentieth century. There is however, no reduction in the fees demanded from sightseers and pilgrims. But they are sheep and calves that seek an assurance in that! These appear to have been the only actual demolishments, until, in 1903, under the marshalling of a superserviceable person, or persons, all the larger part of Henley street was razed to the ground. (See ante, Vol. III, page 6.) Between that and the above chronicled depredations, removals of Shakespearean vestiges were conducted under the name of "Restorations," and we will describe some of these in our next issue.

THE MAN THAT WRITES A BOOK ON A SHAKESPEAREAN THEME IS AT least contributing to his own stores of exact information: For, no sooner is his work printed and distributed beyond recall, than some point he has overlooked, or was unable to cover, will surely be cleared up. In my introduction to the Bankside "Loue's Labours Lost," just issued to subscribers by the Shakespeare Press, I said —"No source of the plot has been discovered, but certain incidents in the history of France and Navarre have been woven into the play." As to this statement, Mr. Basil Brown of New York city sends me this most important note. "Dr. Platt—I believe that several years ago I discovered the actual source of the plot of the Loves Labours Lost as stated in the first scene of Act I. That scene appears to have been intended as a burlesque upon or lampoon upon certain decrees of Queen Elizabeth regulating affairs at Gray's Inn in the year 1598.

'If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.' Now the author of the play, in the character of Biron, pokes fun at these laws right under the nose of Elizabeth herself, and I have no doubt she enjoyed it as much as the rest of the court did. For we find that, in the very year that this Comedy was "Newly corrected," etc., a stringent law against women at Gray's Inn, was put into effect. The regulations are set forth in Pearce's History of the Inns of Court and Chancery, (page 335). The full quotation for reference to which I sincerely thank Mr. Brown—is as follows:

"Celibacy seem to have been honored as a virtue in certain regulations of this Society (Gray's Inn). On the 20th of June, 41 Eliz., it was ordered

thus thenceforward "no officers of this house should keep or enjoy their office any longer than they should keep themselves "sole and unmarried," and not being preferred to any ecclesiastical living or other readership, and no longer." On the 30th of October, 21 Jac., an order was made that all women should be barred from the chapel at sermons; and according to another order of the bench, no laundresses or women called victualars, were to be permitted to come into the gentlemen's chambers of the Society, unless they were full forty years of age; nor maid-servants admitted into the said gentlemen's chambers, upon penalty, for the first offence, that he that should admit of any such, be put out of commons, and for the second; be expelled the house." Of course the statute 21 Jac. can have no bearing on the subject except to show the continuance of the spirit of the regulations, but the date, 41 Eliz., is, in connection with Love's Labour's Lost, interesting in the extreme, being the very year of its first publication, also the year of the publication of Meres' Pallidis Tamia, containing the first published mention of Shakespeare as a writer of that well known list of Shakespearean plays. Elizabeth's reign commenced Nov. 17, 1558; hence "41 Eliz." would be the year from Nov. 17, 1598 to Nov. 17, 1599. Now, the title-page of the Quarto of Love's Labour's Lost bears the imprint, 1598, and the statements that it was "Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare," and that it was Presented before her Highness this last Christmas." It has always been an open question whether the time referred to as "this last Christmas" was the Christmas of 1597, or of 1598. This discovery of Mr. Brown leads me to the very strong opinion that it was that of 1598. The allusion in the Play to the new regulations seems to me too pointed to be the result of accident. The "Statutes" in Love's Labour's Lost are an especially direct and unmistakable burlesque of them. Of course, according to the old style, there were three months of the year left after Christmas, in which the first quarto may have been published, and the presentation of the play before the Court would make its publication most timely. It would appear most likely that the burlesque of the Gray's Inn regulations followed their promulgation. But this is not absolutely certain; for the regulations may have been merely threatened at the time of the writing or revision of the play, and the ridicule have been intended to ward them off. But the interesting question is, Who was William Shakespeare that he was so interested in the doings of Gray's Inn? The first record of the performance of a Shakespearean play, be it remembered, is that of the Comedy of Errors at Gray's Inn during the Christmas revels of 1594. And now we have this strangely pointed allusion to other proceedings at the Inn. We all know that Francis Bacon was a member of the

Inn during all this period, and was the master-spirit of the plays and masques and other entertainments given there. But then what had Francis Bacon to do with William Shakespeare? Every reputable Shakespearean commentator assures us that the two men were totally unacquainted, and that Francis Bacon probably never heard of Shakespeare and would have had no interest in him, although they lived in the same small town of only about 200,000 inhabitants, and although Shakespeare was doing exactly the kind of work that Bacon showed especial interest in, and was demanding from the housetops should be done, i. e. teaching History "making History visible" by means of stage-plays! I shall not attempt any conclusions from this incident, but will remark—in a whisper—that it seems to be one more of these bits of history, continually coming to light, which tend to draw the names of Shakespeare and Bacon nearer together, if not to identify them. Unless, of course, my gentle Reviewers insist that this is another instance of the all-seeing eye of Shakespeare—and the fact that the affairs of Gray's Inn were matters of Bacon's constant concern—only one more "coincidence." Mr. Brown will please accept my sincerest thanks for his most important discovery. I am unable to escape from the conviction that he has discovered the actual source of the plot of Love's Labour's Lost.

Isaac Hull Platt.

Henrik Ibsen died at Christiana, Norway, May twenty-third, 1906. Now that Ibsen is dead and Posterity succeeds, it will be the serious question for Posterity, who if not he—is to be placed next to Shakespeare in the roll of this world's dramatists? As Napoleon came from Corsica, the obscurest corner of the Globe—as Shakespeare originated in a vile little unkempt mid England village with midden-piled lanes for streets; so in the pinched and poverty-dominated Norway—appeared Henrik Ibsen! And, in one sense, the phenomenon was a continuously greater one than that of Shakespeare! For Shakespeare, obscure as his beginnings, came in his Plays to do with thrones, and Courts and Camps and with the spacious days of great Elizabeth! ruling a world as multiple as did Napoleon himself. But Ibsen, to the last, dealt with his own environments; with the res angusta domi unto which he was born and of which he never ceased to be a part! And that environment, while shaping him to pessimism as surely as Shakespeare was shaped by his environment to an optimism which held him from painting anybody wholly bad, did not to an atom detract from this marvellous Dramatic genius of Henrik Ibsen. Rail against him as one may, combat his ethical and social theories as one must, one cannot dispute the fact of Ibsen's great and original genius. The time is past when men can deny that he out-

generalled the conventions of the stage, made his own drama out of his own perceptions, finding in the merest and meanest commonplace as full material as other dramatists could find in Courts and palaces. In the writing of dialogue, in the use of conversation to indicate and develope character, Ibsen stands unapproachable in his time. His plays are masterpieces of compressed dramatic form, in which no word is uttered that does not carry the action further. In monosyllables—almost in aspirates—he was able to carry in his surroundings of the abject commonplace, his characters and his events forward until unconsciously in the almost tedious meannesses and smallnesses of detail to the reader or the auditor—a situation had developed which only a cataclysm or a suicide could control! Doubtless his gray, sombre view of life, as reflected in his dramas, was due to the circumstances of his youth. At any rate, the first twenty years of his life were as baffling and disappointing as his late years were tumultous and tempestuous. At both periods he was ever a literary revolutionist.

More than any other dramatist of his generation; more, perhaps, than any other generation, Henrik Ibsen placed his own peculiar stamp upon the dramatic literature of his time. In the twenty years during which his work was famous he deflected the dramatic currents of all his great literary contemporaries and founded a school. In Germany, Sudermann and Hauptman —the former more than the latter—have felt and reflected his philosophies and literary form. In Russia the rising coterie of brilliant dramatic authors have set their sails to catch the winds of his genius. In England, Pinero and Bernard Shaw follow him at respectful distances.

In America, where the spirit of hopefulness prevails and pessimism does not appeal to the national temperament, he will never have imitators—but his plays will remain by themselves—as Shakespeare's Plays remain by themselves—a Literature!

In the cataclysm at San Francisco it is feared that there perished certainly one relic of Shakespeare, which, so far as we can learn does not now exist even in transcript. In the Sutro Library, collected by the late Adolph Sutro and which at the date of the earthquake was stored its ultimate receptacle not having yet been decided upon—was the original rent roll of Shottery Meadow, Stratford, contemporary with Shakespeare's date. At the time of its purchase, Mr. Sutro had some difficulty in getting it out of England, the newspapers, and the authorities of the British Museum declaring that such documents should not go out of their country.

In our issue of July, 1904, we presented a considerable number of pictures of Hamlet's Castle at Elsinore as it remains in present times, with

full descriptive letterpress. Our esteemed contemporaries, "The Woman's Home Journal" and "The Theatre," largely availed themselves of both these pictures and this letterpress; but neither of them sans the good taste, not to say, good faith—of making all proper acknowledgments to us. In a late issue, another esteemed contemporary "The Bookman," avails itself also of our pictures aforesaid; though lacking leisure in its bustle to observe either a similar good taste or good faith. We are eager to overlook the lack of either in our hustling and important contemporary! "The Bookman" is more than welcome to follow us or to appropriate anything of ours it dignifies with its condescending approval, and we should be the last to suggest that it delay its flights by any little questions of courtesy or good taste. And then, doubtless, the fact that it mortises the pictures it commandeers from our pages into several pages of soapy platitude by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie (such as Mr. M. keeps in tubs for occasion), sufficiently obviates, in "The Bookman's" opinion, any obligation of comity to its contemporary serial.

Books Received

145. Shakespeare's Town and Times. By H. Snowdon Ward and Catharine Weed Ward, Fellows of the Royal Photographic Society and editors of The Photogram. Illustrated, pp. 175, with map, cloth, gilt de luxe. London: Dawrarn & Ward.

197. The Plays and Poems of Robert Greene. Edited with Introductions and Notes by J. Churton Collins, Litt. D. Professor of English Literature in the University of Birmingham. 2v., 8vo., pp. 318-414.

171. Shakespeare's London. By Henry Thew Stephenson, assistant Professor English in Indiana University with map and 40 full-page illustrations from old prints. Oxford. The Clarendon Press. New York: Henry Frowde. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 340. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

200. Bacon's Nova Resusciatio, or the Unveiling of His Concealed Works and Travels. By the Rev. Walter Begley, Discoverer and Editor of Milton's Nova Solyma. Author of "Is it Shakespeare," "Biblia Cabalistica," 'Biblia Anagrammatica," etc. 3v., cloth, pp. 234-310-226. 12mo. London: Gay and Bird.

203. The Belle-Lettres Series. Edited by George Pierce Baker, B. A. Bussy d'Ambois and the Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois. By George Chapman. Edited by Frederick D. Boas, Professor of English in Queen's College Belfast. 1v., pp. 330, cloth 6x4½ in. Boston and London: D. C. Heath & Co.

204. The Belle-Lettres Series. Edited by George Pierce Baker, B. A. Eastward Ho. By Jonson, Chapman and Marston, and The Alchemist, by Ben Jonson. Edited by Felix E. Schelling, L. H. D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Cloth 6x4½ in., pp. 407. Boston and London: D. C. Heath & Co.

205. The Idyllic Avon. A description of the Midland River from Tewkesbury to above Stratford-on-Avon. By John Henry Garrett. 8vo., Illustrations. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

206. The Ghost in Hamlet, and other essays in comparative literature. By Dr. Maurice F. Egan, Professor of English Literature in the Catholic University of America. 16mo. Cloth, pp. 325. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

207. Shakespeare's Family: Being a record of the ancestors and descendants of William Shakespeare, with some accounts of the Ardens. By Mrs. Charlotte C. Stopes. New York: The Grafton Press.

208. Mediaeval London. By Sir Walter Besant. Demy quarto. Two volumes. Vol. I, Social. Vol. II, Ecclesiastical. New York: The Macmillan Company.

209. The Development of Shakespeare as a Dramatist. By George P. Baker. 8vo. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

210. Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth. Edited by Edward Everett Hale, Jr. 12mo. Boston: Houghton, Mfflin & Co. 25 cents net.

211. The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. [Variorum Edition. General Editor: A. H. Bullen.] Vol. I., pp. vi.-589. Vol. II., pp. 581. To be completed in 12 vols. 8vo. Cloth. London: George Bell & Sons. New York: The Macmillan Company.

212. The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. [Cambridge English Classics.] The text edited by Arnold Glover [and A. R. Waller.] Vol. I., pp. lxii.-456. To be completed in 10 vols. 810. Cloth. Cambridge: At the University Press. New York: The Macmillan Company.

213.—Alterations and Adaptations from Shakespeare. By Frederick A. Kilbourne, Ph. D. 12mo, cloth, ornamented. Pp. 300. Boston: The Poet Lore Company.

194. William Shaakespeare in seinem Werden und Wesen, von Rudolph Genee—mit einem Titebild, "Shakespeare" von Adolph Menzel. Paper, 8vo, pp. 472. Berlin: Verlag von Georg Reimer. 9 marks. Gebunden 16 marks.

214. Joseph Jefferson. Reminiscences of a Fellow Player. By Francis Wilson. Illustrated. 8vo., cloth, pp. 346. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

215. King Henry the Fifth. By William Shakespeare. From the Riverside Edition of Richard Grant White with introduction and additional Notes by Edward Everitt Hale, Jr. 16mo., cloth and paper. Boston: The Riverside Press, Houghton, Mufflin & Co. (The Riverside Literature Series.)

216. The Green Room Book, or Who's Who on the Stage. An annual Biographical Record of the Dramatic, Musical, and Variety World. 1906. Edited by Bampton Hunt. 12mo. New York: Frederick Warne & Co.

217. The Reading of Shakespeare. By James Mason Hoppin. 12mo. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

208. Coincidences of Bacon and Shakespeare. By Edwin Reed. 8vo. Boston: Coburn Publishing Company.

219. Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays. By the Notable Editors of the Eighteen Century. Edited with critical Introduction, bibliogriaphical and explanatory notes. By Beverley Warner, D. D., Member of the New York, Shakespeare Society Author of "English History in Shakespeare's Plays," etc. 12mo., cloth, portraits, pp. 238. New York: Dodd Mead & Co.

220. The Old and the New Magic. By Henry Ridgely Evans—with Introduction by Dr. Paul Carns. Cloth, 8vo., pp. 348. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

221. Hither and Thither. A collection of Comments on Bookish Matters. By John Thompson, Librarian of the Free Library of Philadelphia. Cloth, 12mo., pp. 388. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

222. On Ten Plays of Shakespeare. By Stofford A. Brooke. 8vo. cloth, pp. 382. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

223. Stand Pat: Or Poker Stories from the Mississippi. By David A. Curtis. Illustrated by Henry Roth. 12mo., cloth, pp. 269. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

145. Another book of Stratford-on-Avon scenes and precincts, in many ways newe, and containing many new views. The Chancel at Trinity with Shakespeare's tomb piled high with flowers, is especially recent. A very gracefully written letter press makes this a convenient guide book for the tourist.

197. We have rarely seen a more admirable example of what the Editing of an English Classic should be, than is this "Green" of Dr. Churton Collins. It would be difficult to suggest any detail left unexhausted in these two typographically beautiful volumes. Each play of Greene's is here from the oldest Quarto extant: thus the *Looking Glasse* was copied from the Quarto of 1594, *Orlando* and *Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay* from the Quartos of the same year, *Alphonsus* from the Quarto of 1599, *James IV* from that of 1597, and *The Pioneer* from that of 1599. Where the reading of some of the later Quartos either makes sense of nonsense or presents a reading which is obviously and strikingly preferable, Dr. Collins abates rigid conservatism and admits conjectures into the text. Where words necessary for the completion either of the sense or of the metre have been supplied they have been placed within brackets, and the same system has been adopted in supplying the acts and scenes when they are not marked, as is nearly always the case, in the original Quartos.

In an Appendix to *Orlando Furioso* Dr. Collins reprints the very remarkable fragment which is preserved among the Alleyn Manuscripts at Dulwich College, a section of which has been reproduced in collotype. It consists of a large portion of the original part of *Orlando* transcribed by the copyist of the theatre for Alleyn, with certain additions in Alleyn's own handwriting. The interest of this MS. is very great. It is not merely the only important manuscript we have belonging to so early a period of the Elizabethan drama, but illustrates, compared with the text of the Quarto, either how greatly the stage copies were altered when a play was printed, or how greatly the printed copies varied from the stage copies, and, presumably therefore, from the author's manuscript.

All the miscellaneous poems have been transcribed from the original novels, and where more than one edition of the novel exists the texts have, when possible, been collated, according to the chronological order in which the novels appeared in their first edition. The *Maidens Dreame* is printed from an independent transcript taken from the original Quarto in Lambeth Library neither Reardon's transcript, published for the Shakespeare Society, nor Dyce's being quite accurate.

The Notes have purposely been made as full as possible, being designed to illustrate generally the characteristics, especially as they pertain to diction, allusion, imagery, and sentiment, of the early Elizabethan drama. The editor collects all the songs out of Greene's novels, and discusses in detail, the plentiful uncertainties connected with the biography and with the bibliography of his author.

171-208. We have waited to review Prof. Stephenson's hand-book of Shakespeare's London until we could revise or confirm by comparison our early conviction that it was far away the best of these handbooks. The best, because the most condensed and the most comprehensive. Sir Walter Besant's may be the most rhetorical, as the more sentimental, but we can't find reason on examination of the Besant, to revise our claim that Prof. Stephenson's is the more useful. The reason, we think, in not so very far to seek The certain sense of proprietorship of all studious things (which, in other matters is called "British insularity") will always in a British encyclopaedia or any where else, lead a British writer to regard his first impressions or his first researches as good enough for mankind without revision or verificati[illegible]! The American, writing of or compiling English things, will, on the other hand, from a very timidity—from the sense that his work will be strictly compared with the work of those easy going mannerists to the manner born, lead the compiler to be cautious and scrupulous to revise and yet again revise,

his work. It was this extreme caution and re-examination and conservatism which led to Prof. Wallace's discovery of those Chancery Documents which are the most important Shakespearean find since Malone's day, and which—had they been brought to light, by an Englishman, would have been exploited in England from the housetops (as they might be in American Shakespeare scholarship when American Shakespeare Scholarship grows less serville than it is as yet to the heavy dicta of a London imprint!) The present English Shakespearean, while willing that any bizarre or Baconian Theory shall be grown in America is very ill-attuned to recognize anything it must treat seriously as from this side sea! This is no doubt the reason for the excellence of this work. But this does not mean that Prof. Stephenson's pages are not pictorial, Their reader will wander, as ever with Shakespeare himself among "the many fair houses and divers taverns" along the street called Cheapside though, in the Dramatists time and even for a century afterward, the river was the great thoroughfare along its length. Hundreds of boatmen rowed back and forth with passengers; for the streets were not especially pleasant even for the people of the time. "Westward Ho!" cried a person wishing to go up the river toward Westminster; "Eastward Ho!" he would call if he wished to go downstream. There were swans on the river, and fish in its water. The principal pageants of the time were water borne—the streets being too narrow to admit of many persons seeing the displays, nor were money changers driven out of the temples in those days. St. Paul's Church was at was an exchange for merchants of all kinds. The middle aisle of the nave was called "Paul's Walk," and there men and women of certain trades mentionable as well as unmentionable, sauntered up and down for a couple of hours daily. Jonson's Bobadil was a frequenter of Paul's Walk. At one column lawyers congregated; at another men and boys waited to be hired by those looking for servants; tailors displayed their cloths at a third, and all through the crowd pushed peddlers crying their wares. Services went on, however; but the choir boys would occasionally leave their places to collect "spur money" from some man who had passed from the Walk into the choir with his spurs on his boots. The first lottery on record in England was drawn in the churchyard; and more than one unhappy person was executed just before the door of the church. Popular misinformation made Sir John Beauchamp's tomb, in a corner of the nave, that of the Good Duke Humphrey of Gloucester; and before it penniless men waited, hoping that some friend might invite then to a meal. When the friend failed to materialized, they "dined with Duke Humphrey" himself, that is, not at all!" The work is

packed with items like these, and we congratulate Prof. Stephenson upon his fine achievement.

200. This is a posthumous work of the Rev. Walter Begley, author of "Is It Shakespeare, by a Cambridge Graduate," who if we recall, is the only English Clergyman among the Baconians. Had Mr. Begley himself sent this work to press, it would have probably reached us in the compact style of the prior volume. It is, as we note later on, in three volumes, the old "three-decker" style, so dear to early English fiction writers. A large portion of volume I is given to adding the annoymous "Puttenham's Art of English Poetry" to the many unacknowledged works written by Bacon. And there are other startling suggestions in the book too, which ought to make it precious reading to the Baconians. For Mr. Begley was a worshipper of Bacon this side idolatry, and on pages 278-279 of Vol. II, he tells us how he "became the heretic I am, and have burdened the shelves of the few who take interest in this engrossing question—with two big books." But, unfortunately, the anonymous editor has handicapped the value of the work by about as slovenly an editorship as we remember to have seen anywhere. Why should an editor have permitted the work to stand in the form of desultory clauses—and almost random notes—when by condensing and bringing it all together, (a process which would have readily made this three-decker into one conveniently size modern format) the value of it would have been certainly ten-folded? As it is, a casual reader would say that there is altogether too much thinking aloud in these three volumes. Its author makes points in plenty, and the points he makes are worth while—worth verifying at any rate, by any one interested in the discussion. But it would have saved time if every point made was stated at once, instead of being premised by the mental processes by which Mr. Begley arrived at them. He takes up sometimes an entire page by this sort of communing with himself—"Now it is generally supposed that * * * But some critics have supposed that I have forgotten that." But I have not forgotten it, and my critics will presently see," etc., etc. This is tremendously tiresome—and an impatient reader will toss the book aside rather than wade through it with its constant perpendicular pronouns—and miss the real wind-up—the statement of the point itself—which is usually worth while. It seems to us, that these three volumes could have been easily packed into one and that that one would have commanded attention. There is some carless editorial work even in this sending it all, chatter and all —to the press. For example on page 154, Vol. II, Mr. Begley uses as an illustration a story of Dr. Furnivall's methods in writing Shakespearean biography, which is altogether unintelligible—until we arrive, about fifty

pages further on, to the remarkable narrative itself! (Id. 300). The story is a good one and shall be told here, to wit. Dr. Andrew Clark, of Great Leigh's Rectory, Chelensford, sends to Dr. Furnivall this extract from the Plume MSS. at Malden, Essex, dating 1657-1663. "He, Shakespeare, was a glover's son. Sir John Mennes once saw his old father in his shop—a merry chekt old man that said 'Will was a good honest fellow, but he daren't [or 'darest'] have crakt a jest with him at any time. "On it being pointed out to Dr. Furnivall that Sir John Mennes was born March 1st, 1599, while Shakespeare's father died September, 1601, Dr. Furnivall retorts,"The story may be trustworthy, though assigned to the wrong person. Sir John may have told the story to Plume—I, at any rate don't mean to give up that merry-chekt old father cracking jokes with his son"—(and we may add) as an example of the looseness of the whole book, that the above anecdote of Dr. Furnivall is made to occupy in the telling, three pages of Mr. Begley's book. Fuller watching Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at their Mermaid wit-combats—when barely five years old, was a "corker." But Sir John Mennes at two years and six months—interviewing John Shakespeare, is better—or worse—yet! We are afraid that only Baconian enthusiasts will read a work on the Baconian authorship in three volumes—and it is a pity (we are speaking from the Baconian standpoint; but we want the truth, whatever shape it takes) for no propaganda will go far if only its friends read its literature. Had the anonymous editor left the old three-decker in the Islands of the Blest and given us one volume—doubtless it would have reported the author and his cause aright to the unsatisfied. But three desultory volumes where one compact one would suffice—is harrowing!

217. One does not read very far into this book without marvelling how Mr. James Mason Hoppin could ever have succeeded in securing for it the dignified imprint of the Riverside Press. Surely the list of its Publications will be searched pretty carefully to find so much slipshod English and astounding ignorance of what the writer—who is Professor of Art in Yale University—is printing a book about: "The chief object of this little book is intended to be my own impressions especially of Shakespeare's Plays and in these introductory remarks thus far I will allude to but one play," etc., etc. (This on page 33.) "This is in fact the secret of Iago's control over other minds to lead them and none can doubt that character of this consummate villain is a tremendous sermon of the fearful capacities," etc., etc., (This is on page 39.) The author contrives whenever intelligible, to mislead. On page 11 he says that "there is a tradition that after Shakespeare's death Anne Hathaway married again." We commend this statement to Mrs. Stopes

and Mr. Reilly, both of whom, however otherwise out of accord have agreed we believe that the absence of any tradition as to a second marriage of "Anne Hathaway" was rather conclusive of the fact!

219. The Rev. Dr. Beverley Warner is not a maker of many books. In fact he has only printed two. But when we weigh, instead of counting, his output, most of us would be proud if we could have produced two such works as his English History in Shakespeare's Plays" and this "Introductions to Shakespeare" now from the press of Dodd Mead & Company. Here Dr. Warner, feeling that he has performed a real service for Shakespeare students, has collected all of the now classical prolegomeng supplied by the editors of Shakespeare in the eighteenth century. Dr. Warner himself, prefacing each with brief and admirable comment by way of "an attempt to estimate the critical value of these famous prefaces and to indicate the special contribution of their several authors to Shakespearean interpretation." The introductions printed in full are those of John Heminge, Henrie Condell, Nicholas Rowe, Alexander Pope, Lewis Theobald, Sir Thomas Hamner, William Warburton, Samuel Johnson, George Steevens, Edward Capell, Isaac Reed, and Edmund Malone. Besides the preface proper, the biographical sketch by each former editor has also been included. Dr. Warner says prefatorily to the whole: "The reader has but to follow the raging clamor of the famous editors of the eighteenth century as set forth in these pages, the scorns and sarcasms, the accusations of ignorance and malevolence, to realize how little the great "Cham" of literature could prophesy what was to be, or judiciously reflect upon what was going on within sound of his ears. For the echoes of Pope, Theobald, and Warburton's "innocent discussions" still fill the air. * * * Every critic or editor whose preface, advertisement, or introduction is included in these pages improves our knowledge both of the text and the spirit of Shakespeare. To each one the empire of letter owes a distinct debt." Dr. Warner has collected portraits of ten of these old editors, which are very interesting. The book is a worthy and long-wanted addition to any Shakespeare working library. Dr. Warner touches nothing that he does not adorn!

194. This is a noble volume and a remarkable example of German text Presswork at its best. And, though we had hoped that-in future-works of German scholarship like this—especially those treating of the English Shakespeare—would be printed in Latin text, we are able to almost find in the clearness of Mr. Reimer's press workmanship an equivalent therefor. Herr Genee's title "The influence and Personality of William Shakespeare" (as Mr. Frey translates it) sufficiently indicates Mr. Genee's task: an array

of examples of the researches of antiquaries and textual students, more voluminous than has ever been consecrated to any other author but Shakespeare. And the result so minute compared to the labour of hunting sifting and cataloguing! And yet it is in one way the highest of compliments to Shakespeare himself! For what must have been and be to-day the influence of a personality which cannot be dimmed or lessened by such discouraging outputs? And not only is the meagreness of the output no discouragement, but it is in itself an active stimulant for still more investigation! We think very highly of Herr Genee's work. It is a notable contribution to the very magnificent array his book is written to applaud.

220. It ought not to astonish one that from The Open Court Press, which normally turns out only works on deep Philosophies, comes this fascinating book! For the beautiful moral is, of course, that things are not what they seem; and that anything can be simulated! But what the reader will get out of it is how those things are done, and we doubt if there is anyone who will fail to read this book to its very last page. Magicians, mind readers, palmists, necromancers, automation Chess-players, prestidigitateurs, all the magic kind who produce coins and rabbits out of hats and make omelettes in your pockets, are here so delightfully exposed that we will all want to see it done over again, especially the ghost raisers and decapitators of maidens and the talking-bust people! Mr. Evans has thought of a book to write that everybody will want to read. "The Old and the New Magic" should survive through many editions!

221. These are the notes of a Librarian, and while, of course, everything he enters is of record somewhere else; yet it is pleasant to turn over these pages, and from his crisp little essays, remind one's self of such things as that there is quite a formidable anti-Thomas a Kempis theory as to the authorship of the De Imitatione Christi; that Dumas produced sixty dramas and one thousand novels until his publishers rebelled! That Lope de Verga wrote twenty one million three hundred thousand verses and three thousand dramas. Of the curious lore contained in the reprints of British and Irish chronicles in the 250 odd volumes forming the "Master of the Rolls" series, of the divers authorities for the text of the Bible, contained in the Alexandrine, the Vatican, and the Sinaitic MSS. There are cheerful facts, not about the square of the hypothenuse, but about Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," apropos of Dr. Sommer's edition, pointing out the various sources of various portions of the story; about the manuscripts of Tacitus and Terence, the Nuttall Codex and so on and on!—Surely a delightful book! All the more de-

lightful in that it is not too wise or too technical. Other librarians might well do likewise!

222. It is a long time since we have been called upon to review a book of purely Esthetic Criticism. The trend has been of late years to circumstantial textual or evidentual, hermeneutics! The change back is a variety if not a refreshment, for Esthetic Criticism should by no means be exiled from the scholarly working library of Shakespeareana, its only danger being that the assignment of motives and intentions to Shakespeare is the temptation always and that it is a brief step from the imputations of motives to the making out of Shakespeare either a Spectre of the Brocken or an Admirable Chrichton, and so to destroying that perspective in which Shakespeare can only be truly known! Truly, because it is his own perspective and his own background. The secret of effect, said a great painter, is white upon black and black upon white. The young Shakespearean who stands too much, or yet too little, in awe of the might and majesty of Shakespeare is apt either to paint white upon white or black upon black, forgetting (and this is the commonest error of all—) that Shakespeare was an actor and a playwright—and a Dramatist after—and not before—he was either! The real way to interpret, the true way to study Shakespeare esthetically, is to go and see his plays acted. They cannot be acted so inadequately but that the spectator (if he is destined to be a worshipper of Shakespeare, and if he is not he will not become one though one rose from the dead—what is written is written), will at least absorb the idea that what he sees was put into words three centuries ago; and that for anything in words to have lived three centuries is miracle enough, and the chances are he will straightway go about to look further into that miracle! Doubtless there always will be worthy gentlemen, college professors and men of the cloister, who say that Shakespeare is for closet study and should never be acted at all. (We think Coleridge first started that notion.) But that is like telling a comparative anatomist to study fishes in the class-room and on his dissecting table, but to be careful not to study their movements in the water. For Shakespeare was first of all an actor, a stage manager and a mounter of plays, and stage management is as exact a science as the science of the comparative anatomist. And he wrote these plays to be acted and for successful stage effect, and therefore the theatre is primarily the place of all other places to study Shakespeare. Let us swiftly instance a single example of Shakespeare's sure hand in that technique of the stage which makes his plays primarily stage plays rather than mere literature. We know that in a modern play no character must walk across the stage unless there is a reason for it in the development of the story, any more than that

a chair or a table should stand in the stage setting anywhere unless it and its position have a part in the 'mise en scene.' Shakespeare was obliged by his own stage's lack of practicable scenery and mise en scene, to supply much by discriptive (and our libraries are gainers by the lack). For example in the Pinero twentieth century play of "Iris" we all admire the consummate dramatic art which makes the key-fact in poor Iris's downfall the impulse to help an unfortunate friend. Mandonado has left a blank check book on Iris's table and slipped himself softly away. Iris has spurned the implication that she could stoop to use it, but a whilom girl acquaintance enters with a woful story. She must have money, or some terrible calamity or other impends. The habitude of Iris to have funds always at hand controls, and she uses one of the blank checks. After that everything else follows. But there is even a subtler situation, and yet one not so very unlike the Pinero-Iris incident just instanced, in "Romeo and Juliet." We remember that the entire tragedy of both Juliet and Romeo—ending in the entirely useless sacrifice of their two young lives, not to mention the death of the Count of Paris—is solely brought about by the failure of Friar Lawrence's message to reach Romeo. Friar Lawrence entrusted that message to Friar John, but Friar John, on his way, enters a plague-stricken house to administer spiritual comfort to those about to die, and, while he is within, the health authorities of Verona quarantine the house and will let none depart from it.

Now, to say that a student, coming with his mind fresh from other pursuits, can open a page of Shakespeare and instantly apprehend so subtle a point as this, and to say that a skilled actor, saturated with the employment of his life and his profession (the profession in which excellence means comfort and competency, and carelessness, starvation), cannot aid in the interpretation of Shakespeare to the newcomer, however familiar the newcomer happens to be with the eloquent passages of Shakespeare, or however he can quote them at a moment's notice, is to say that no applied science is of value, and that it is only the academic science of it that is to be studied—which is ridiculous. The actor who plays the first grave digger, no less than the actor who personates the melancholy Prince of Denmark, is following some stage tradition based upon some predecessor's conception of the part, (more likely, that of a long line of predecessors). If the grave digger removes several waistcoats after getting into the grave, as he would have learned to do in Garrick's day, or if Prince Hamlet himself has a chair whose rear legs are loaded so that, seated in his mother's chamber and starting up when the ghost comes his tardy son to chide, he will, overturn the chair with a crash—as Garrick did, to add sensation to sensation—if the actors do these

things, or discard them as obsolete "business," it will be equally the result of the long generations of toilful training which a serious and enthusiastic profession has expended upon the dramatist's lines.

This is Esthetic commentary at its best, and while the actor no less than his non-theatrical brother will profit by such delicate interpretation as this of Stopford Brokes's, in less fine work the danger is a pseudo-profundity in the writer and a headache in the reader! As when again (for example) and yet again and again the question as to Hamlet's sanity is threshed out until a patience only to be acquired, by an earnest wish to avoid appearance of contempt bids us tolerate centuries of more or less dry-as-dust discussions of a question which Hamlet himself anticipated, when he begged his friends not to worry or wonder if, in his efforts for adjusting times-out-of-joint, he chose to simulate insanity (I. v. 172). For the mass of eighteenth century commentators who dustily argued the question there was always the charitable conclusion that they had not read the text they were annotating (as Warburton's well-known note anent the appositeness of one of Jessica's speeches, she being a Jewess, when reference to the text showed that the speech was Lorenzo's)! But twentieth-century commentators ought with more leisure to avoid these things! Even the "Amleth" Saga of Saxo made Hamlet sane, but simulating madness to swoop to his revenge, and Belleforest translated him as he stood. When Shakespeare idealized Hamlet he retained this simulation of madness, though changing the rather strenuous methods employed by the earlier hero to physically convince spectators of his loss of reason—to less mechanical ones for more refined audiences. Is it possible that we are to endure another century of wearying dialectics and controversy to prove what Shakespeare himself forecast and settled in the exactest terms three centuries ago? And— not to multiply instances—as to Hamlet's harshness to Ophelia. If we will assume a stage direction at line 102 of scene one of act III, implying that the King and Polonius, in their eagerness to overhear Hamlet's conversation with Ophelia, accidentally rustle the arras and that Hamlet hears it and instantly suspects that Ophelia has been used to trap him, the reason for Hamlet's sudden and harsh "Are you honest?" (when, up to that time, his bearing has been courteous and plaintive) is perfectly apparent. This, certainly, is one of Shakespeare's most subtle points, as dramatic as when he makes the Ghost itself appear just as a narrator begins a long account of how it last appeared; or where the whole tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is as we have noticed precipitated by a performance of an ordinary duty without the strain of a new motive or the importation of a particle of new matter to bring on the catastrophe! But

excepting, the actual witnessing of Shakespeare upon the stage—such fine work as this of Mr. Stopford Brooke is as illuminative as it is rare—Mr. Brooke's studies are: The Tempest, The Winter's Tale, Coriolanus, Macbeth, As You Like It, The Merchant of Venice, Richard II and Richard III, Romeo and Juliet, The Midsummer Nights' Dream, and brings out of each shades of character which, whether Shakespeare's or Stofford Brooke's workmanship—are at any rate, subtle and contemplative!

223. Messrs. L. C. Page & Co. have made into a charming book, capitally illustrated at salient points, all those Draw-Poker stories with the Bret-Harteian flavour that Mr. David A. Curtis has for several years last past contributed to "The Sunday Sun." The collection is well worth taking along on our summerings, for the sketches are bright and the humour is dry (and sometimes a little grim). The student of Shakespeare's concern with Draw-Poker is considerably more than casual, however. There can be little doubt that the game of Draw-Poker, like most other things in heaven, earth or the waters under the earth, is alluded to in Shakespeare's plays, where Henry the Eighth, the Duke or Suffolk and Falstaff are mentioned as playing it. Only in Shakespeare's day it was called "Primero" which might well be translated "The Age" (which we believe Mr. Curtis will tell us is an important privilege awarded in turn to each player who can thereby set the pace for the round or hand.) In Minsheu's "Pleasant and Delightful Dialogues in Spanish and English" (1599) there is a "Dialogue at Primero" which seems to settle this. It runs thus—*Osorio.* Now to take away all occasion of strife I will give a meane and let it be Primero. *Mendoca.* You have said very well, for it is a meane between extremes. *Sir Lorence.* I take it that it is called Primero because it hath the first place at the play at cards. *Rodricke.* Let us go, what is the sum that we play for? [As Mr. Curtis would say, "what is the limit?"] *Mendoca.* Two shillings stake and eight shillings rest. *Sir L.* Then shuffle the cards well. *Osorio.* I lift to see who shall deal: it muste be a coate [court?] carde. *R.* I did lift an ace. *I.* I a fower. M I, a sixe whereby I am the eldest hand. [That is, "I have the Age," is it not so Mr. Curtis?] *O* Let the cardes come to me, for I deal them, one, two, three fouer, one, two, three, fouer, etc. *M.* Passe. *R.* Passe. *L.* Passe. *U.* I set so much! *M.* I will none. *Sir I.* I must of force see it, deale the cardes. *R.* See heere my reste; let every one be in. *M.* I am come to passe again. *R.* And I too. *Sir L.* I do the selft same. *O.* I set my reste. *M.* Ile see it. *R.* I also. *Sir L.* I cannot give it over. *M.* I was a small fprime. *Sir L.* I am flush. *M.* I woulde you were not. *Sir L.* Is this good neighborhood? *M.* Charitie well placed doth first begin with ones selfe. *O.* I made

five and fifty with which I win this Prime. *Sir L.* I flush whereby I draw. *R.* I play no more at this play. *M.* Neither I at any other for I must goe about a business that concernes me. *Sir L.* Pages take everie one two shillins of the winnings. 1st Page. I pray God you my receive it an hundred fold. 2nd Page. In Heaven I pray God you may find it hanged on a hook. (London, 1599, pp. 26-27). Mr. Curtis is not as historical as he might be; so he goeth not too learnedly into origins! still he is concerning himself, an' he but knew it, with a true Shakespearean game. King Henry the Eighth and Sir John Falstaff are votaries worth citing. But he has given us a delightful book.

224. When "Joe" Jefferson, our lost and long remembered "Rip"; drew a fish out of the water, he did it with a series of most unsportsmanlike jerks. "Why do you jerk that fellow so" said ex-President Cleveland on one of these occasions. "Because he jerked me" replied Rip; which was not at all using the hooked fish "as if you loved him" as Isaac Walton recommended. Mr. Francis Wilson has been Mr. Jefferson's Boswell, and like Boswell has produced a model biography simply by following the Boswell plan of setting everything down even to particulars like this about landing fish! Mr. Wilson's records of the sayings and doings of Mr. Jefferson are, as they properly should be, saturated with his love of and worship for his subject. For no man can deal aright with the man or thing he loveth not, and nobody cares to read anybody's half-hearted or hostile estimates of anybody else! Especially is the record of an "all star" company starting out in a Pullman palace Car to play one night stands of "The Rivals," and of the sayings and doings of these stars in the Pullman as delightful as "The Rivals" itself. It compensated the Stars for sinking to "stock," for of course, Mr. Jefferson was the all particular Star in that galaxy. Mr. Jefferson, by the way, defended the Star system—on more than one occasion—by saying that whatever its faults it was originated by William Shakespeare (all his plays being written around a Star except Romeo and Juliet which was written around two Stars (wherein he agreed not with Mrs. Fiske). But here (and perhaps this is the only fault a faultfinding book reviewer can find with Mr. Wilson's book) is an astounding piece of malversation! On page 299, we read: 'We fell to discussing Locke Richardson's belief that Dame Quickly's 'A' babbled of green fields' with respect to Falstaff's demise, meant that the old sinner, who had lost his voice in the singing of psalms, and was in his hour of dissolution upon a bed of repentance, had the twenty-third psalm 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, etc.' in mind. I was telling

Mr. Jefferson how delighted Dr. Furness has been with Richardson's solution of the question, and of his writing Richardson that had he (Furness) fallen upon such an explanation he would have been 'as proud as forty peacocks'; but that, apropos of the Richardson solution, Dr. Furnivall had written Dr. Furness that he thought the fields of which Falstaff babbled were meant to be fields represented in a shield.' " 'I do not believe,' said Jefferson, 'that Shakespeare meant more than to indicate that Falstaff's mind had been diverted by the seriousness of the situation from warlike thoughts to the calm consideration of pastoral scenes, the beauties of nature—as of sky and trees and green grass and that he made a peaceful end of it!' Falstaff's "warlike thoughts" had been mostly opera bouffe hadn't they Mr. Wilson? Of course there is no remark too supremely silly for Dr. Furnivall to make, and Dr. Furness is too full of the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way. But Mr. Francis Wilson is a prominent member of The Players Club, and that Club possesses a First Folio. And Mr. Wilson should have turned to it and ascertained that the dying Falstaff made no remark whatever—but that it was Dame Quickly who said that "his nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of Greenfields." As to whether; if Falstaff (as Theobald amended it) "babbled of green fields"; the "green fields" were the "green pastures" of the Psalm, or the song of My Lady Green Sleeves, the commentator an hundred years or so before Mr. Locke Richardson, had guessed at will! Mr. Wilson should have told this story as the Crispian's Day Soldier was to tell the tale of his achievements at Azincourt "with advantages"! A little embellishment is a convenient thing!

Mr. Wilson has given us a delightfully readable book, which will survive as Ana of the American Stage. And, even as Dr. Johnson and his Boswell, so will Joseph Jefferson and Francis Wilson, go sauntering down our Dramatic Literature, arm in arm!

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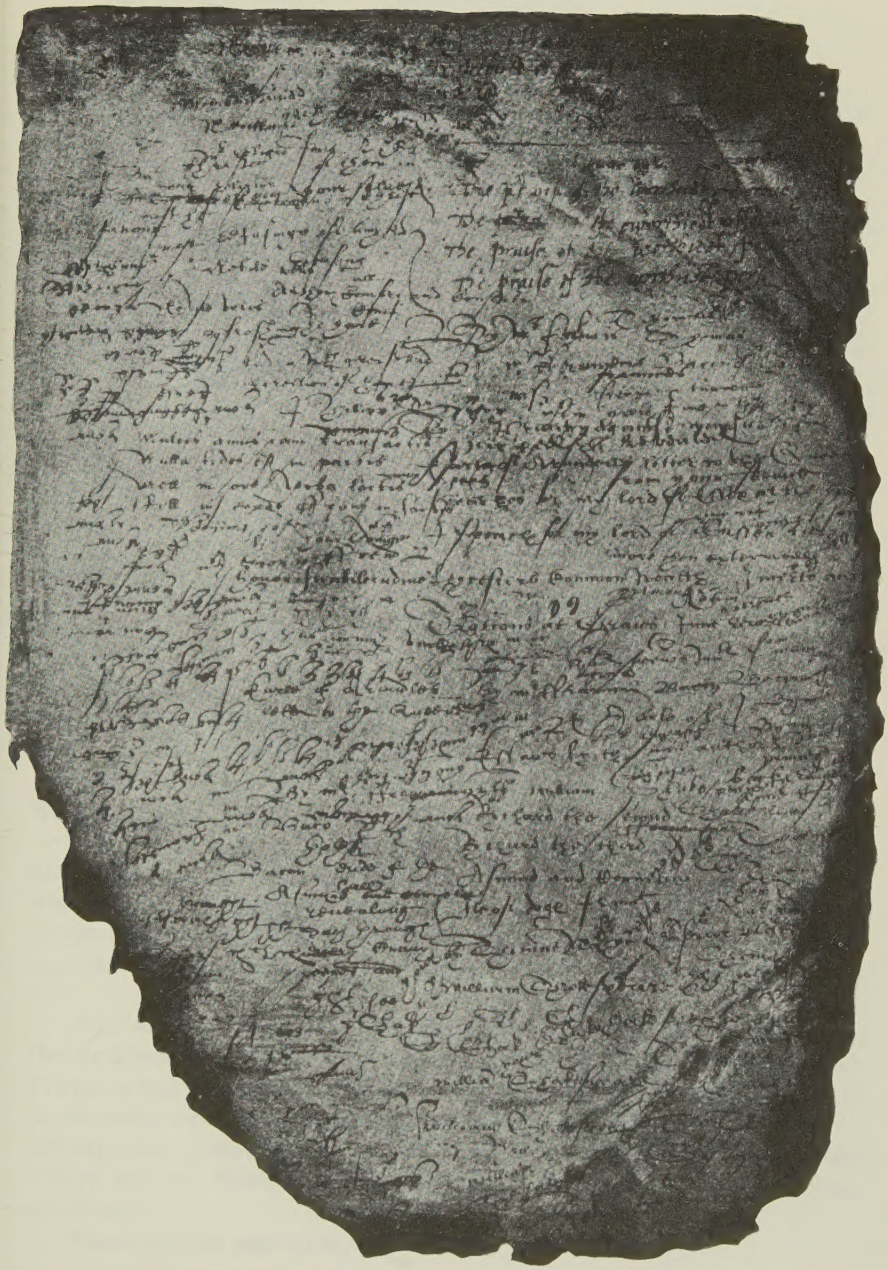

THE FRONT OUTER-LEAF OR "COVER" OF THE ANCIENT MS. PRESERVED IN THE LIBRARY OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND AT ALNWICK, KNOWN AS "THE NORTHUMBERLAND MANUSCRIPT." [See Transliteration into Modern Script on page 129.]